THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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THE ANACONDA.

(Continued.)

THE NARRATIVE OF EVERARD BROOKE.

——"Oh! I have suffered
With those, whom I saw suffer!"
Tempest.

YOU are already aware, that my fortune was made in the island of Ceylon. It was there, that I was so lucky as to find employment in the house of a man whose virtues rendered him as much the object of universal esteem, as the favors which he conferred upon me, entitled him to my peculiar gratitude —I was engaged by him as his secretary; but all other names were soon forgotten by us both in that of friends. He was an Englishman as well as myself, and perhaps this had no slight influence in producing so strict an intimacy between us. A variety of untoward circumstances had compelled him to abandon his native land, and sail in pursuit of fortune to the East. His toil had not been vain: the capricious goddess, who fled from him with such disdain in Europe, now showered her favours upon his head with the most unwearied profusion. He had consumed but a few years in Ceylon, and was already rich and possest of a distinguished situation. It seemed, as if fortune was at length resolved to convince the world, that she was not always blind; for had she searched the whole island through she would have found it difficult to bestow wealth and honour upon a wiser or a better man. But of all his treasures, that which he counted most precious, that for which he thanked Heaven's bounty at every moment of his existence and with every pulsation of his heart, was a wife, who united all the beauty and graces of her sex with all the firmness and judgment of ours. One only blessing was denied them: Louisa was not a mother.

My friend and patron [his name was Seafield] possest a villa at a small distance from Columbo.—The place, it's true, was of no great extent; but it united in their fullest perfection all those charms which render nature in that climate so irresistible an enchantress. This was Seafield's most beloved residence, and hither he hastened whenever the duties of his station permitted his absent-

ing himself for a few days from Columbo: in particular there was a small circular pavillion designed by his own hand, and raised under his own inspection, to which he was particularly partial, and in which he was accustomed to pass the greatest portion of his time. It stood some few hundred yards from the dwelling house, and was situated on a small eminence, whence the prospect over land and sea was of a descriptive, rich, varied and extensive. Around it towered a thick circle of palm trees, resembling a colonnade; their leafy fans formed a second cupulo above the roof; and while they prevented a single sun-beam from piercing through the coolness of their embowering shades, their tall and slender stems permitted not the eye to lose one of the innumerable charms afforded by the surrounding landscape.

This delightful spot happened to be the residence of Seafield's whole family, when accidental business of importance required Louisa's presence at Columbo. Conscious that her husband considered every day as lost, which he was compelled to pass at a distance from his beloved retreat, she positively refused his attendance, but accepting me as her escort, she departed for the city. Diligence and impatience to return home, enabled her to dispatch her affairs in less time than she had expected them to occupy; and in the very first moment that she found herself once more at liberty, she ordered the palanquins to be prepared, and her slaves to hold themselves in readiness for departing. Our journey was performed by night, for the double purpose of reaching home the sooner, and of escaping the ardour of the noonday sun. We arrived an hour after day-break; yet Seafield was already abroad.

—"As usual, he ascended the hill to enjoy the beauty of the rising sun'—thus said Zadi, Seafield's old and attached domestic; in whose favor his master made an exception to his general opinion, that in all their transactions with Europeans, the natives of this island were totally devoid of gratitude, honesty and good faith.

—"We shall find him in the pavillion, then?" said Louisa.

—"Not an hour ago I left him there writing,"—was the answer.

—"We will go thither and surprise him," she said, addressing herself to me—"wait here while I change my dress; a few moments will suffice for my toilette, and I shall expect to find you here when I return."—

In the mean time while I remained leaning against one of the columns, which supported the small portico, by which the door was sheltered. From hence I enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the hill and its pavillion, which

surrounded by its light and beautiful garland of palm-trees, attracted the sight irresistibly. While my eye dwelt with satisfaction on their broad sheltering heads, I fancied, that I could discover an excrescence upon the stem of one of them extremely unusual in those trees, which in general rear themselves perpendicularly towards the sky, regular and straight as the pillars of a colonnade. It resembled a large branch extending from one stem to its neighbour; and what puzzled me the more in this appearance was, that it seemed occasionally to be waved backwards and forwards, though the breathing of the sea-gale was so gentle, that it scarcely moved the leaves on the neighboring branches —I made a variety of guesses to account for this phenomenon; but every thing which my memory, or my imagination could suggest, seemed inadequate to solve this difficulty entirely to my satisfaction.

I was still puzzling myself with conjectures, when Zadi drew near me with some slight refreshments. I pointed to the branch, whose apparent motion had excited so much of my attention, and enquired whether he could at all account for the strong effect produced upon it by the sea-breeze, while the slighter boughs were so gently agitated.—He immediately turned himself towards the palm-trees: But no sooner did his eye rest upon the spot in question, than the silver basket with its contents dropped from his hands; the paleness of death spread itself over his swarthy countenance; he caught at one of the columns to save himself from falling to the ground; and while his eyes exprest the deepest horror and consternation, he pronounced with difficulty—"The Anaconda!—That is the Anaconda!—We are undone!"———

What could have produced an effect so sudden and so violent upon a man, whom I well knew to inherit from nature the most determined courage and most remarkable self-possession, was to me absolutely incomprehensible: But though I was ignorant of its cause, the sight of his extreme alarm was almost sufficent to shake my own presence of mind. I saw that he was on the point of sinking on the earth, overpowered by his emotions: I sprang towards him, and caught him in my arms.

—"For the love of heaven," I exclaimed, "compose yourself, old man! Tell me, what terrifies you thus? What can occasion these complaints, and this alarm?"

He endeavoured to recover himself—he strove to speak, but in vain; and before I could understand the accents of his stammering tongue, Louisa joined us, and without observing the slave's agitation, put her arm within mine, and advanced towards the pavillion—This action seemed to restore to Zadi the lost powers of

his body and mind.———With a loud cry he threw himself upon his knees before us, and in words interrupted by sobs and accompanied by tears, he forbade our crossing the threshold.

—"Your first step without these walls," he exclaimed, "leads to inevitable destruction. Every door must be bolted; every window must be barred. This mansion must resemble a sepulchre, where nothing living is to be found."

And while he spoke, he hastily closed and locked the folding doors, through which we had a prospect of the pavillion. Louisa observed his singular behavior and and the agitation of his countenance, with looks, which exprest the most lively astonishment.

—"Are you distracted, Zadi?" she asked after a few moments,—"What mean these tears, and these expressions so alarming; and why do you forbid our going to your master?"—

"Your going to.....? Almighty God! My master?—He is yonder!—Oh! He is lost! He is lost beyond the power of saving!"

—"He is lost say you!—Answer me, old man! What mean you? What fear you?—Oh! how my heart beats with terror!"

—"Recollect yourself, my good Zadi!" said I, "what is this Anaconda, which you speak of with such terror? I have seen nothing except the branch of a palm-tree, which the wind moved backwards and forwards, singularly enough its true, but still there was nothing in it alarming!"

—"Not alarming?" repeated the Indian, wringing his hands; 'Not alarming?—the Lord have mercy on me, miserable old man! Ah! Mr. Everard, that branch of the palm tree.....Alas! alas! it is no branch....! It is s e nake! a terrible snake! We call it an Anaconda, and its kind is in size the most enormous, in nature the most fierce, and in appetite the most ravenous of any to be found thro' Ceylon! 'See! see!' he continued, approaching one of the windows, 'see how the monster plays among the branches! It always twines and twists itself into those folds, and knots, and circles, when it prepares to dart itself upon the ground like lightning to seize its prey! Oh! my master! my poor dear master! He never can escape! Nothing can save him!"

Half of this alarming explanation was more than enough to throw the wretched Louisa into a state of distraction. Her features so distorted with terror, that she was scarcely to be known for the same woman, her eyes stretched almost to breaking, and her hands folded together with as strong a grasp as if she meant them never to be again separated, she exclaimed in a voice so hollow

and so expressive of suffocation, that it pierced her hearers to the very heart—"My husband—My beloved! Oh! help me to save him good, good men! Forsake him not!—Oh! forsake him not!'

But at this moment, the wife required assistance not less than her husband. Overpowered by her sensatious, she fainted in my arms; Zadi flew to summon her female attendants; and I bore the pale insensible Louisa back to her own apartment, though Zadi's dreadful narrative had almost deprived me of animation myself.

Our endeavors to rekindle the extinguished flame of life were at length successful: Her eyes opened: she cast around her a look of apprehension.

'Oh! why are you still here?' said she to me in a feeble voice—'Is his life then of so little consequence? Fly to his succour!—Rescue him, or let me die! In preserving him, you will preserve me: if *he* perishes, *I* am lost.'

'He lives! he lives! Heaven be thanked: He still lives!' thus shouted the faithful Zadi, as he rushed into Louisa's apartment."

His anxious vigilance had induced him to examine every part of the mansion, and ascertain with his own eyes, that it was perfectly secure against danger. He now returned out of breath from the balcony, whence he had discovered to his great satisfaction, that his view was unimpeded over the whole pavillion. He remarked, that the door, and all the windows (as far as the power of vision extended) were closely fastened; and hence he reasonably concluded that his master had been aware of the enemy's approach in full time to take every necessary precaution for his safety.

'Hear you that, my dear lady?' I exclaimed, while I took Louisa's hand; 'Surely this intelligence is alone sufficient to restore your strength and tranquillity.' We had nothing to apprehend for Seafield, except his being surprised by the monster while unprepared. But you see that he has had time to shut out the danger: he has now nothing to do but to remain quietly in his retreat, and the snake will either not discover his being so near, or at any rate will be unable to break through the bulwarks which separate them. The whole business is therefore a disagreeable blockade for an hour, or perhaps less; at the end of which the Anaconda will grow weary of waiting for its prey, and by retiring to seek it in some other quarter, will release our friend, and then we shall all be quit for the fright.'

(To be continued.)

He who does not provide for his own house, St. Paul says, is worse than an infidel. And I think, he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE PASWAN OGLU, PACHA OF WIDDEN.

Osman Pasman Oglu, was the son of an Albanian renegado. In early life he signalized himself by his extraordinary strength & intrepidity; artful and crafty in all his undertakings, firm and resolute when ever he found it necessary to be so, his plans very seldom failed of complete success. When he had, at length, raised himself to the rank of a pacha of two tails, bolder projects began to occupy his soul.—He soon found himself able to defy the whole power of the Grand Signior.

It was not long before a favourable opportunity of shewing his influence presented itself. The rights of the Janissaries had been invaded, the people every where murmured, but what opposition can they make to the will of a mighty despot? The Pacha set himself up for the protector of all the Janissaries, and issued a solemn declaration from his fortress that he would never suffer the support of the Ottoman military power to be shorn of its splendour.

From that moment the hearts of all the Janissaries were devoted to Paswan Oglou. Throughout all Turkey they regarded him as their deliverer, as the defender of their rights and privileges. Numbers of the most resolute of those warriors vowed to sacrifice their blood and lives for their generous protector, if he required it.

In the Divan at Constantinople, however, the Pacha was declared a rebel. Several neighboring commanders received a firman, enjoining them to collect their whole force and to reduce him to obedience. The Janissaries flew to their arms, and went in multitudes to the assistance of their menaced protector. Widdin was filled with resolute soldiers, and every attack was repelled with desperation. All the efforts of the Porte to conciliate the conqueror proved unavailing.

His enterprizes, on the contrary, were marked with continually increasing audacity. His troops inundated all Bulgaria; nothing could withstand him till he planted his standard before the gates of Varna. It was, nevertheless, easy to foresee, that the Porte would not remain a quiet spectator of his progress. Paswan Oglu made formidable preparations to resist the gathering storm. He had engaged in his service a great number of Polish and French emigrants, and likewise of Austrian deserters from Hungary and the banuat of Temeswar; he had established foundaries of cannon, and collected a prodigious quantity of powder and provisions in Widdin.—Murderous batteries were thrown up around the fortress, and tremendous mines were formed in suitable situations.

The Capudan Pacha, who had married a sister of the Grand Signior, and was in high favour with the latter, was at length directed to assemble a powerful army, to beseige Widdin, and to exterminate the enterprising rebel. Asiatics, and Europeans, were obliged to repair from all the provinces, of the empire, to his banners, and he himself quitted the capital with the flower of the Turkish army. A numerous flotilla sailed up the Danube. The land forces soon increased to eighty thousand men Widdin was blockaded both by land and water, and the ruin of Paswan Oglu appeared inevitable.

The signal for storming was given. Tremendous was the thunder of the artillery planted on the bulwarks. The Mussulmans undauntedly threw themselves into the ditches which were of considerable depth. Whole ranks were swept off at once by the heavy artillery of the fortress. Paswan Oglu by his presence in every quarter inflamed the courage of his men. They defended themselves with the resolution of despair.

The Capudan Pacha found himself necessitated to give the signal for retreat. The failure of the first attack was an unfavourable omen for the whole campaign. It is a well known characteristic of the Turks, that in case the first enterprize, be it ever so insignificant, proves successful, their confidence is unbounded, but if they are discomfited in this, all the succeeding ones are sure to be disastrous, because a general despondency then pervades their army. How indeed could it be otherwise, firmly believing as they do in an inevitable fatality and unalterable predestination.

The result was not difficult to be foreseen. A panic seized their whole army; great numbers of the Turks returned to their homes. Some months elapsed before reinforcements could arrive. Hanscherli, Prince of Wallachia, received a command to send eight thousand Wallachians, to the army. The feeble hospondar, trembling at every firman of the divan, durst not disobey the peremptory mandate of the Capuden Pacha. The Christian auxiliaries arrived unarmed, and unarmed they were, suffered to remain. They were not designed to take the fortress, but only to screen the Turks from the murderous fire of the musketry and artillery.

A new attack was ordered. From all quarters resounded the cry to storm. The wretched unarmed Christians, were driven before that the Ottomans who followed might be secure from the fire. In this manner they approached the bastion of the town, which threatened death and destruction. What was the consequence? The batteries of the fortress remained quiet,

and the garrison shewed not the slightest disposition to repel the attack. The Turks paused. They were unable to account for the conduct of the besieged.

Messengers dispatched by the Pacha with a flag of truce, suddenly made their appearance. They declared in the name of Paswan Oglu, that it was disgraceful to engage unarmed people, that he waged war not with those miserable Christians, but with Mussulmans who sought to blast the glory of the flower of the Ottoman nation; and concluded with requiring that the Wallachians should be sent back to their country, and then the sword would decide to which party God and the great Prophet, to whom be praise to all eternity, would be pleased to give the victory.

These just remonstrances had no weight with the Capudan Pacha. How could sentiments so philanthropic find access to the heart of a man accustomed to regard the Christian subjects of the empire as dogs and slaves, as born to be beasts of burden under the Turkish yoke. The messengers with difficulty escaped personal violence, and the order for the attack by land and water was repeated.

"Alas! then, there is no way of saving these wretched Christian victims!" exclaimed Paswan Oglu, when he received information of the failure of his mission. "May God and the Prophet forgive my enemies!" The orders for defence were instantly issued; the batteries, like volcacanoes poured forth destructive torrents of fire. Before half an hour had elapsed, the greatest part of the Wallachians were extended lifeless. The Mussulmans mounting upon their bodies, scaled the bulwarks.

Paswan Oglu, who was present in every place where the danger was most imminent, now gave a signal Horrible was the spectacle that ensued. The earth opened under the feet of the hardy besiegers. The matches were applied and the mines were sprung with a most tremendous explosion. Whole companies were buried in the bosom of the earth, whole ranks were engulphed. Terror seized he assailants; all fled that were yet able to fly. The Capudan Pacha himself escaped from the bloody field not without the utmost hazard of his life.

This was the last attempt made by the Porte to reduce the Pacha of Widdin by force to obedience. It is remarkable in the annals of Turkish warfare. Its history displays, in a striking manner, the imbecility of the empire, and shews what an enterprising rebel, whose undertakings are conducted with prudence, caution, and cunning, is capable of effecting.

The golden age of the Ottoman

dominion is past, &c. the Pachas have ceased to kiss the silken string sent from Satambul, before they put it round their necks and strangle themselves with it; but on the contrary make the Capidgi Bashis, who undertake to execute the commands of the once all powerful despot, pay the forfeit of their lives for their temerity. Such is the usual fate of all despotic states. The bonds of despotism are dissolved, were they even tied like the Gordian knot, when those who execute its decrees cease to fear it, like a magic wand, whose operation none can escape.

The Turkish political colossus, formidable for ages to all the neighbouring nations, now stands like a scathed oak, with shivered branches, amid the gaily luxuriant forest, a striking memento of the frail and perishable nature of all human things!

[*To be concluded next week.*]

LATE HOURS.

An Epistle to a friend in defence of them.

My Dear ******.

Let slaves to business, those bodies without soul, those important blanks in nature, solemnize nonsense in the broad glare of day; you and I prefer night, which either heals or conceals our cares. Rogues justified, as it were, and made bold by success, dull fools and coxcombs, sanctified by their wealth, may wanton in the sun, but *thread bare* merit refuses to shew his face until empty prosperity is gone to bed: for misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the day, and thus the sons of care are ever proved the sons of night.

The wretch educated in the drowsy school of method, whose only merit is to err by rule, whose heat of blood never betrays him into a false step, and whose soul seems useless for any other purpose but to move through the insipid space of life the dull clock-work machine called his body; he, I say, turns up his eyes to think that there should exist, among God's creatures, two such beings as we are; then calls for his night-cap, and thanks his stars that gave him the grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours! pretty words; but are all men agreed in their meaning? Our friend B——— who has pursued a course for many years in downright opposition to the sun, expatiates with as much vigour as our *prudent* friends on the virtue of *good hours*. But the term is uncertain, and in different mouths means different things.—With *Prudence* it is ten o'clock, but with B——— it always means four.

Let the perriwig-pated Doctor overflow with scraps of ancient learning, and descant, in all the dignity of wig, on the fatal consequences of midnight air, and how

vapours and damps sap and undermine the constitution: for me, let Galen rot upon the shelf, I will live and be my own physician. While my soul and body are joined together, be my life long or short, I will make them, as such near relations should, live in amity and good humour with each other.

The surest road to health (depend upon it) is never to suppose that we shall be ill, for I firmly believe that most of the evils of us poor mortals originate in doctors and in the imagination. Then away with these boasted precepts, these stale traps, only fit for old women and fools. As well *may* physicians expect to discover one medicine, as one hour, to suit all mankind.

If F—— is out of bed after ten, the fool can't hold up his head the next morning. But what reason is this to drive *me* to my couch, whose head, (thank heaven) never aches at all? Different tempers take different courses: he hates the moon, I sicken at the sun—*his* clock goes well, when wound up at noon, but *mine* goes better if wound up at twelve at night!—Then, my friend, how often have we, in a cup of oblivion, drowned the galling sneer, the supercilious frown, the strange reserve, and the proud affected consequence of knaves grown rich, and fools grown great? So have we drowned, and so will we, again and again, drown the memory of men who themselves most assuredly deserve a more exalted fate.

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From the Suffolk Gazette.

A COMPLAINT.

Mr. Editor,

Being among the number of those with whom mankind is continually dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to others, that have occasionally introduced them to the public, though the channel of your communication.

When I tell you I am as old as *Time* himself you will allow, that, on the score of longevity, I ought to be respected; and, when I add, that I am as variable in my appearance and temperature as morals themselves, will also be disposed to grant, that I ought not to be reprobated on the score of inconstancy. Yet so it is, that, even though I seemingly take pains to accomdate my variable dispositions, to the variable dispositions of mankind, the circumstance produces no sympathetic congeniality between us, and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial, while their own propensity to fickleness never occurs to their own recollection. Yet, sir, I have no quarrel in the world, on the subjects of indifference, neglect, or disregard, for I must confess every body pays me due attention; I am enquired after every night and every morning, and so regularly introduced, after the customary greetings of ceremonia

intercourse, that I may be said to be a kind necessary assistant to conversation; for when people are barren of ideas, I am always at hand to supply the vacuity of their minds; yet I am hardly ever mentioned in any other light but as the source of complaint or dissatisfaction, and without having some opprobrious epithet attached to my *name*.

Sometimes I am accused of being too *warm* in my behaviour—sometimes too *cold*? if I smile unexpectedly I am suspected of harboring treacherous designs; and men say one to another, sarcastically, "*we shall pay for this.*" If I continue my placid deportment, and am mild, sweet, and amiable, for any length of time, I am said to be good humored, even to satiety; and there are people who have compared my eternal smiles to an expression, borrowed from a celebrated French writer—"*L'ennuieuse egalite d'une femme de bon caractere.*" Some wish me to weep, when I am disposed to be merry, and some to be gay, when I am inclined to be sad. *Thick, dull, heavy, nasty*, are epithets commonly applied to me. If I am still, I am said to be *vaporish*; if loud, boisterous and rude, *aches, pains, rheumatism*, and *shooting corns*, are attributed to my influence.

In short, sir, I am so watched, so scrutinized, so censured, so abused every day, that it would seem that I were a stranger upon earth, and born but yesterday, rather than an inhabitant of *Paradise*, known to Adam and Eve, and one who was present at the creation. But I will not detain you any longer, sir, for I see you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance,

THE WEATHER.

QUEEN OF THE BEES.—The following facts show that death itself does not destroy the attachment of bees to their female monarchs.—On the 29th of July, two hives swarmed at the same time, in a garden belonging to Henry Hargrave, Esq. near Norwood, and fixed themselves on one bush. One of the gardeners in the family immediately passed a large hive above them, into which, in a short time, the greater part crept. Great commotions was soon discovered amongs them, and a large detachment suffered themselves to drop on the ground, where they remained a long time in a motionless state. Mr. H. desirous of exploring the cause, roused them up with a small stick; when all was on the wing; a bee was found quite dead, which appeared to be much less than the drone Bee, and less than the working Bee, whose wings were short and of variegated colors, which appeared to have been the object of attraction, for no sooner did he withdraw than the dispersed fraternity alighted and clung to it as before.—This experiment was repeated several times with the same

result. Convinced that this was one of the Queens, he took her and placed her in a small box, and to try the loyalty and attachment of her former subjects, frequently exposed her in the heat of the day, in different parts of the garden, where she is soon discovered by the prying insects, which never fail to alight around her in large clusters seemingly bewailing the loss of their female monarch.—*London Paper.*

A ludicrous instance of the imitative powers of the ORANG OUTANG, *from Bingley's Animal Biography.*

Pere Carbasson brought up an Orang Outang, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went it alwaya seemed desirous of accompanying him; whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions; these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laugh. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct, and such was the arch demeanor of this animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

ANECDOTE.

A Candidate for the stage, lately applied to the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre for an engagement. After he had exhibited specimens of his various talents, the following dialogue took place between the manager and him.——— 'Sir, you stutter.' 'So did Mrs. Inchbald.'—'You are lame of a leg.' 'So was Foote.'—'You are knock-kneed.' 'So is Wroughton.—'You have a damned ugly face.' 'So had Weston.' 'You are very short' So was Garrick.' You squint abominably.' 'So does Lewis'—You are a mere monotonous mannerist.' 'So is Kemble.'—'You are but a miserable copy of Kemble.' 'So is Barrymore· 'You have a perpetual whine.' 'So has Pope.' 'In comedy you are quite a buf-

foon.' 'So is Jack Bannister.' 'You sing as ill as you act.' So does Kelly.' 'But you have all those defects combined.' 'So much the more singular.'

FIDELITY OF A DOG.

OF all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a Dog is the only animal that leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power, with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation: no injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor: studious to please, and fearing to offend he is still an humble, stedfast; and dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

IT was Saturday, and the evening was uncommouly serene. In the villages I every where saw preparations for Sunday: and I passed by a little car loaded with rye, that presented for the pencil and heart, the sweetest picture of a harvest-home I had ever beheld. A little girl was mounted astride on a shaggy horse, brandishing a stick over his head; the father was walking at the side of a car with a child in his arms, who must have come to meet him with tottering steps—the little creature was stretching out its arms to cling round his neck, and a boy, just above petticoats, was labouring hard, with a fork, behind, to keep the sheaves from falling.

My eyes followed them to the cottage, and an involuntary sigh, which whispered to my heart that I envied the mother, much as I dislike cooking, who was preparing their pottage. I was returning to my babe, who may never experience a father's care or tenderness. The bosom that nurtured her, heaved with a pang at the thought which only an unhappy mother could feel.

VIVACITY.

Adieu! I must trip up the rocks. the rain is over. Let me catch pleasure on the wing—I may be melancholly to-morrow. Now all my nerves keep time with the melody of nature. Ah! let me be happy whilst I can. The tears starts as I think of it. I must fly from thought, and find refuge from sorrow in a strong imagination—the only solace for a feeling heart. Phantoms of bliss! ideal forms of excellence! again inclose

me in your magic circle, and wipe clear from my remembrance the disappointments which render the sympathy painful, which experience rathe increases than damps; by giving the indulgence of feeling the sanction of reason.

Great surprise being expressed to a certain gentleman, at his having recently given his daughter in marriage to a gentleman with whom he was known to have been at variance and enmity; he answered, 'that man used me ill, and I gave him my daughter in *revenge*—in pure vengeance.'

Perhaps no people on earth carry as heavy burdens as the porters of London. We are informed that there are resting places erected at proper distances, where they lodge their loads occasionally, without putting them to the ground; as they are so weighty that, in the latter case, assistance would be necessary to replace them. One of those men trudging through the street, stopped to ease his shoulders and wipe his brow, "Aha," exclaimed he if the French succeed, they will bind heavy burdens upon us, too heavy to be borne." "True" cries a debtor, thrusting his head through the grates of a gaol, "and away goes our LIBERTIES and PROPERTY!" "And d—n my blood," said a sailor, "what would become of our holy RELIGION?"

MARRIED,

On Thursday the 4th inst. by the Rev. E. D. Barry, Mr. James Rowland, of this city, to Miss Mary Underhill, of Flushing, L. I.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. John James Stewart, to Miss Sarah Hopkins.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. T. Lyel, Mr. John B. Stephenson, of this city, to the amiable Miss Hannah Freeman, of N. Jersey.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Harris, Peter G. Stuyvesant, Esq. to Miss Helena Sarah Rutherfurd, daughter of John Rutherfurd, Esq.

At Kinderhook, by the Rev. Jacob Sickels, Mr. Arent Van Vleck, to Miss Sally Pruyn, daughter of Mr. John Pruyn, of that place, it being the fifth couple from the two families, viz. three sons and two daughters of Mr. Abraham A. Van Vleck, to three daughters and two sons of Mr. John Pruyn----All, with their parents now living.

DIED,

On Wednesday afternoon, after a short illness, aged 34 years, Mr. Joseph Sewell, Brush-maker, late of Carlisle, England. He was a truly honest and industrious man.

On Thursday last, Mr. Philo S. Sage, aged 26 years.

On Saturday afternoon last, at Bloomingdale, Mr. Garrit Peterson.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the death of 29 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

RESPONSE.

"DAUGHTER OF ZION," can I
then be right?
Art thou the maid so comely in my
sight?—
Her whose fair image constantly I find
First in my thoughts—imprinted in my
mind?
Methinks thou art! each circumstance
conspires
To prove almost what sympathy de-
sires!
Should it be so!—shouldst thou indeed
be her
Of whom I think, to whom I now re-
fer!
Know that sweet maid, that I a friend
possess,
A matchless female!* rich in loveli-
ness,
Whose worth and goodness so exalted
seem,
None more I value, none more I esteem;
Which friend thou'rt like—yes, in thy
looks I trace
All the sweet mildness of her beauteous
face!
And tho' remote, tho' far from hence
she stays,
Yet I behold her when on thee I gaze!
Like her's I find thy countenance dis-
play
Those traits of goodness which excite
amaze—
Which steal the heart—which please the
heart refin'd—
And prove the index of a virtuous mind!
For this resemblance (believe me now
sincere)
To me sweet maid thou art already
dear.
O be it then my happiness henceforth
Better to know thy loveliness and worth,
To soothe thy sorrows—mitigate thy
grief—
To thy misfortunes minister relief—
To worthy prove of your sincere regard,
And in your friendship have the sweet
reward! C.

* *Long since a Mother.*

The subjoined Songs should have appeared some time since, but were accidently mislaid.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The following Songs were sung at the last merry meeting of the juvenile Sons of Erin. The first was written by Thomas Stott, who has wrote a great many pieces which have appeared in the Belfast News Letter over the siguature of '*Hafiz*,' possessing in general very considerable merit. This one is freely translated from the original Irish and may be sung to the tunes 'Humours of Glen,' or 'Rural Felicity.' The second is a small production of Oliver Goldsmith, which was intended to have been sung in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' but was left out, as the actress who played the part of Miss Hardcastle did not sing. The tune is a pretty Irish air called 'The Humours of Balamagairy.'

BRIDGET.

O BEAUTIFUL Bridget! with long golden tresses,
Eclipsing in splendour, the bright sunny
gleam;

That often, when Autumn the smiling land blesses,
Illumines the bosom of yonder clear stream.

How happy with thee on some mist-mantle mountain,
Without food or fire, I could wander all day!
Or sit by the foaming cascade of the fountain—
But ah, foolish fancies! thou'rt gone far away!

Yet, tho' lovely damsel by distance we're parted,
Still still thy dear image is present with me—
O what can detain thee so long, thou hard-hearted!
For till thy return most unhappy I'll be.

But ah! should another have stolen thy affections,
And thou hast consign'd me to hopeless despair—
Beneath the sad burthen of gloomy reflection,
The dagger of death will soon end all my care.

. . . . . .

Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me
He fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner;
Not a look nor a smile shall my passion discover
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

.....

Elegy upon a Pair of Breeches,

Thrown upon a dunghill by a Miser.

Here rest my breeches, on the lap of earth,
By Time destroy'd, by Pride now cast away;
Whose waistband never knew the stretch of mirth,
Whose lining long ere this had felt decay.

Oft has the needle tried its skill in vain,
Patch over patch full oft their knees have borne,
Oft have their rends my bosom doom'd to pain,
That sympath!z'd with them when they were torn.

Not half so strong the lion's rugged jaws,
Not half so sweet the amber scented rose,
Not half so comely were Calypso's drawers,
As ye my breeches—best of all my clothes.

Till Time's unpitying hand (by fate design'd)
Thy stitches, strength, and youth, had from thee borne;
So falls the flower before the ruthless wind,
So from its mate the guiltless turtle's torn.

Here while ye lay upon the *teeming* earth,
Altho' no shell your funeral pomp displays,
Far from your grave shall fly the rebel mirth,
And corn digested serve instead of bays!

The following *epitaph*, found on a tombstone in Scotland, is designed to ridicule the proud pretensions of men who rely on birth and inheritance, instead of wisdom and virtue.

Johnie Carnagie lies here,
Descended from *Adam* and *Eve*;
If any gang *higher*,
I'll willingly gie him leave.

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